

MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL  
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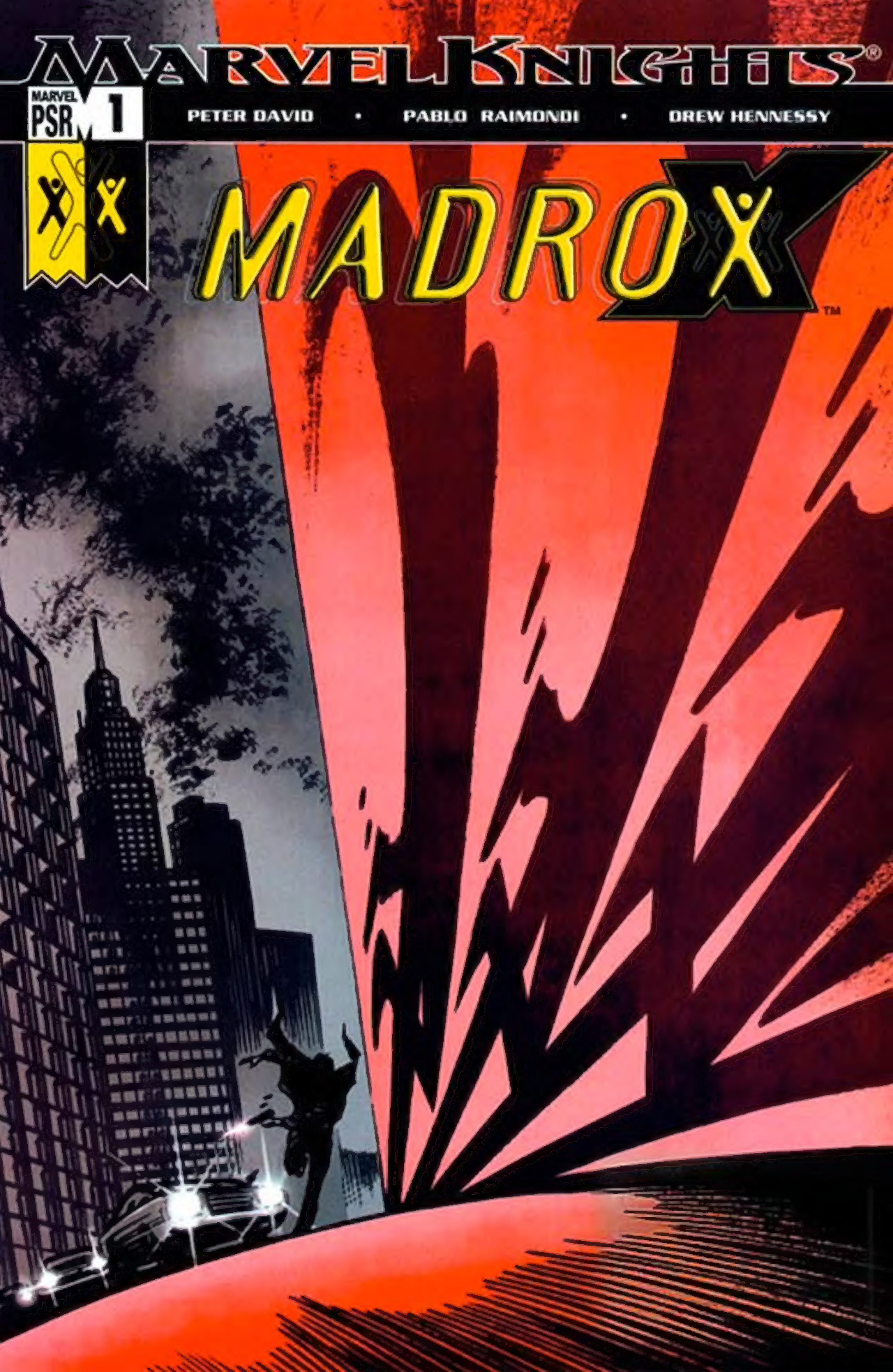
PETER DAVID

PABLO RAIMONDI

DREW HENNESSY



# MADROX™







HERE'S THIS SONG..."ANOTHER HUNDRED PEOPLE." ABOUT PEOPLE POURING INTO NEW YORK CITY BY THE HUNDREDS, INTO AN EVER-INCREASING, FACELESS MASS.

IT'S FROM A SHOW CALLED "COMPANY."

I'M JAMIE MADROX, THE MULTIPLE MAN, AND BELIEVE ME, IF THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW ABOUT...



...IT'S COMPANY.



PHWEEET  
TAXI!!!



COULD YOU TAKE ME TO LINCOLN CENT--



HEY!!!

I SAW THAT CAB FIRST! YOU--









YOU  
MEAN IF  
I DIE.

RIGHT!

DIE IN  
YOUR CAB,  
I MEAN.

EXACTLY!  
LOOK, LEMME AT  
LEAST TAKE YOU TO  
THE HOSPITAL...



TOO LATE FOR  
THAT...SO HOW ABOUT  
YOU TAKE ME TO MUTANT  
TOWN...AND THEN YOU JUST  
HAVE A FARE...STEAD OF  
A MURDER SCENE ON  
WHEELS.



YOU  
COULD DIE EN  
ROUTE.



SO  
COULD  
YOU.  
IF  
YOU GET MY  
MEANING.



LOUD AND  
CLEAR.

NEW YORK, THE  
GREAT MELTING  
POT. WHAT A CROCK.

CROCKPOT.  
GET IT?

NEVER MIND.  
THE POINT IS...





IN NEW YORK, THERE'S NO REAL "MELTING."  
ASSORTED GROUPS CLUSTER IN DIFFERENT  
AREAS FOR MUTUAL SUPPORT AND PROTECTION.  
YOU'VE GOT CHINATOWN...LITTLE ITALY...  
CHRISTOPHER STREET...

♪♪♪



...AND THEN THERE'S "MUTANT  
TOWN." DIFFERENCE IS, WE  
DON'T GET TOURISTS...UNLESS,  
Y'KNOW, THEY'RE LOOKING  
FOR TROUBLE. OR ARE JUST  
DUMB. OR BOTH.

AW, C'MON,  
BABY. SLOW DOWN.  
GIVE US A KISS.

YOU'RE NOT  
MAD, ARE YA? WHAT,  
YOU NEVER HEARD A  
WOLF WHISTLE?

AYE.  
I HAVE.



HAVE  
YE?



C'MON,  
BABY. GIVE US  
A KISS.



~SIGH~  
AMERICANS.



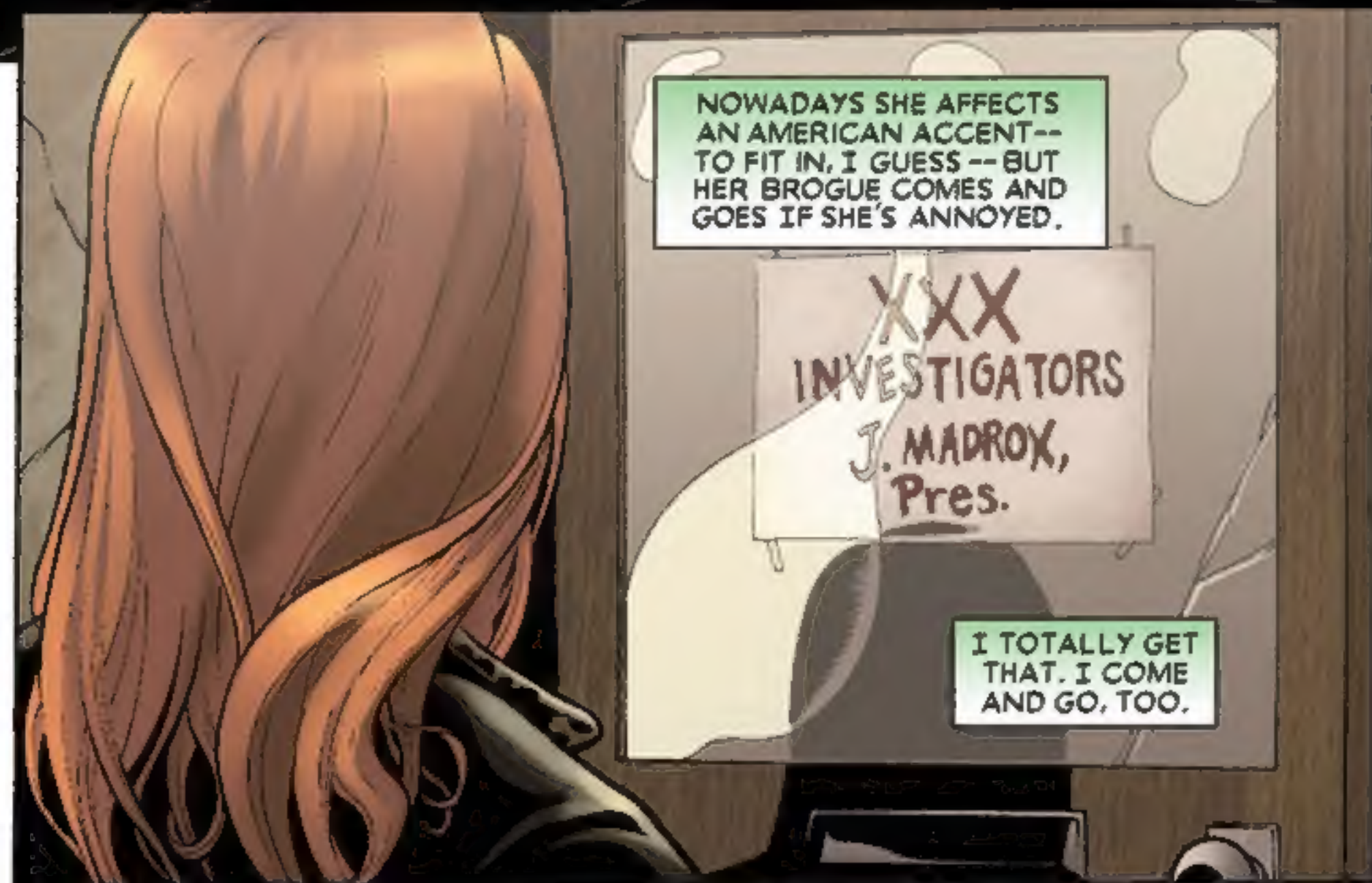
RAHNE SINCLAIR, A FORMER TEAMMATE, BACK WHEN WE WERE PART OF A GOVERNMENT MUTANT STRIKE FORCE CALLED "X-FACTOR."

LIKE ALL MUTANTS, BORN WITH A POWER...IN HER CASE, A WOLFEN ASPECT CONSTANTLY AT WAR WITH HER STRICT PRESBYTERIAN UPBRINGING.



JAMIE?

JAMIE,  
Y' UP  
THERE?



YOU MIGHT  
WANT T'SPLURGE  
ON A PROFESSIONAL  
T'STENCIL THAT  
ON--

JAMIE!!

AT THE MOMENT...





# SOUL OF A GUMSHOE





JAMIE!  
JAMIE, WHO DID  
THIS? AH SWEAR  
T' GOD, HE'LL  
PAY FOR...

OH...HEY...  
RAHNE. Y'CAME.  
S'GREAT.

KNOW HOW  
BUSY YOU ARE...  
TEACHING UP AT  
THE SCHOOL...



JAMIE,  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

OHHHHH,  
FINE...FEELING  
NOOOO PAIN...



YOU'RE...  
DRUNK?

KINDA,  
YEAH.



ACH!  
OOOOOF!!!

YEAH. THAT'S MY  
MUTANT THING.  
ANY STRONG IMPACT  
CREATES DUPLICATES  
OF ME.  
I AM A PARADE,  
I'M MY OWN BEST  
FRIEND...

...AND THE ONLY  
DRUNK WHO CAN  
LEGITIMATELY  
SEE DOUBLE.



SOME  
COFFEE I'LL  
BE MAKING  
YOU...





...PRESUMIN' THIS FOUL SWILL COUNTS AS COFFEE. LOOKS LIKE SOMETHIN' THE WITCHES OF ENDOR WOULD'VE BREWED.

WE SHOULD SCAN THIS WITH CEREBRA. MUTANT LIFE FORMS MIGHT BE GROWIN' IN IT.

GIMME A BREAK, OKAY? BESIDES, IT'S NOT LIKE I DRANK MYSELF INTO A STUPOR. DID YOU SMELL ANY BOOZE ON ME?

ACTUALLY... NO, SINCE Y'MENTION IT.



YEAH, WELL, LAST NIGHT I WAFFLED ON STAYING IN OR GOING OUT. SO I SENT A DUPE OUT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME FOR ME.



LAST NIGHT? YOU MEAN HE WAS GONE FOR--

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, YEAH. APPARENTLY HE HAD TOO GOOD A TIME.



I THOUGHT Y'DIDN'T REABSORB DAMAGE THAT DUPES SUSTAINED...

LIKE ELEVATED BLOOD ALCOHOL? NO. BUT MENTAL SYNAPSES, YES. AND SINCE THE DUPE'S BRAIN WAS PICKLED, WELL...

HOW'S THE COFFEE COMING?



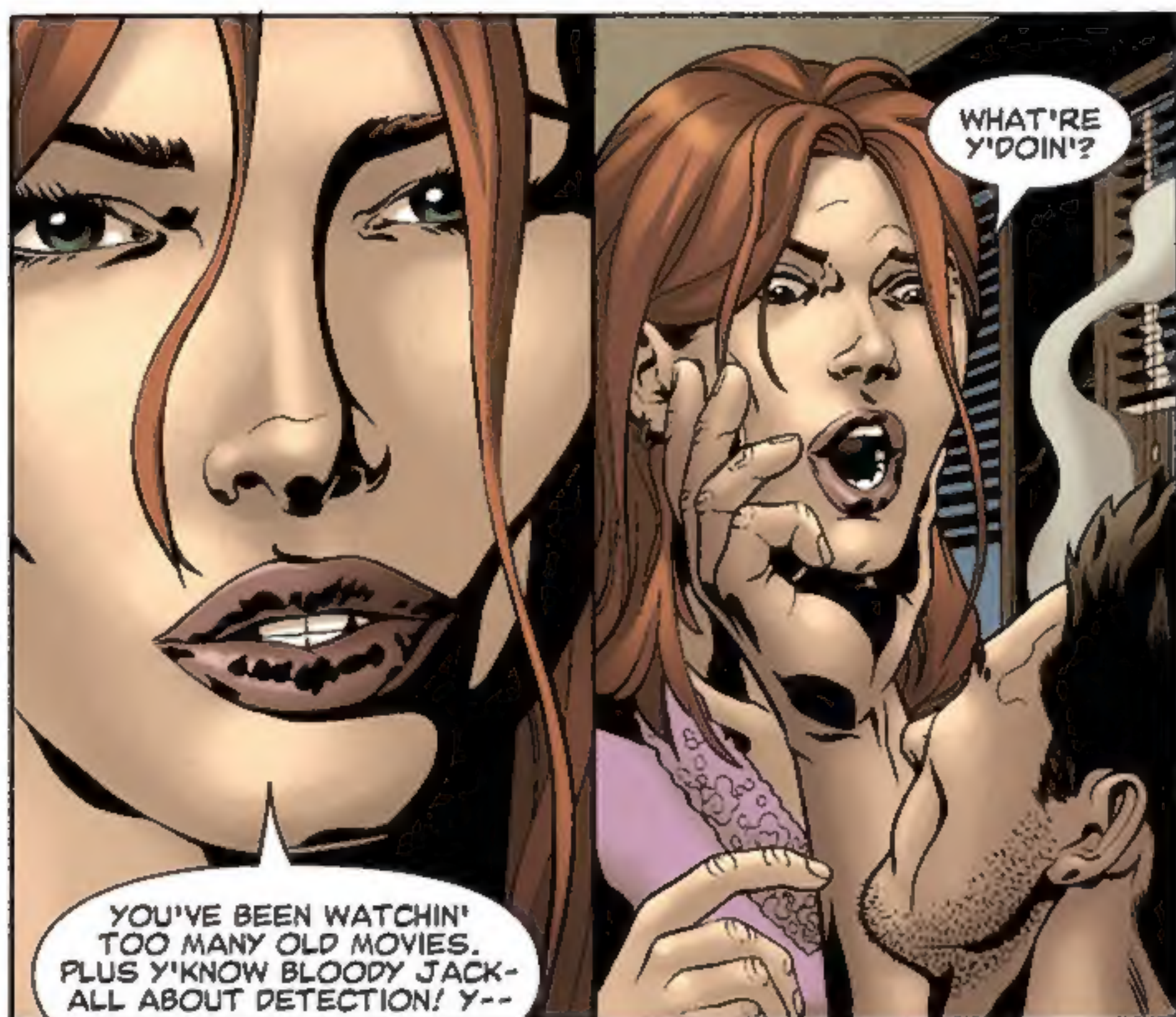


HERE.  
I CARVED YOU  
A SLICE.

JAMIE, THIS  
WHOLE "DETECTIVE"  
THING...WHY? AND HOW'D  
Y'GET A LICENSE?

THROUGH  
OLD FBI CONTACTS.  
AS FOR WHY...

'CAUSE, DUMB  
AS IT SOUNDS, I STILL  
WANT TO HELP PEOPLE.  
PLUS, Y'KNOW, YOU MEET  
GORGEOUS WOMEN.



WHAT'RE  
Y'DOIN'?

YOU'VE BEEN WATCHIN'  
TOO MANY OLD MOVIES.  
PLUS Y'KNOW BLOODY JACK--  
ALL ABOUT DETECTION! Y--



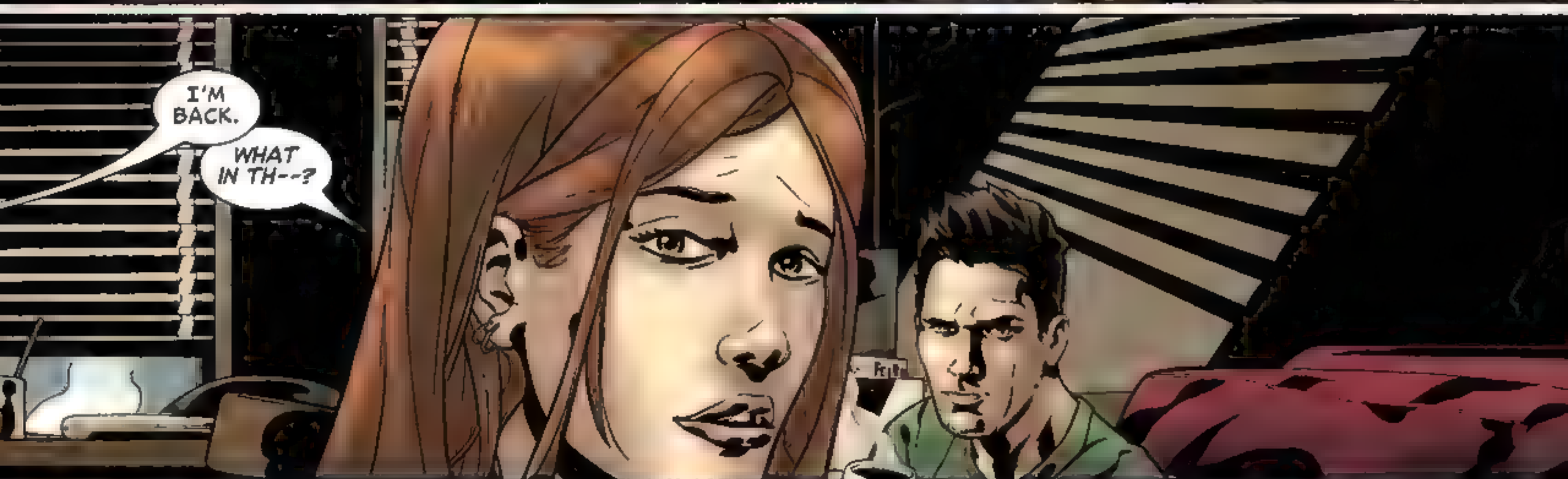
JAMIE,  
THIS IS  
RIDICU--



ON THE WAY  
HERE YOU STOPPED FOR A HOT DOG  
AND RELISH AT NATHAN'S, GAVE A DOLLAR  
TO A HOMELESS MAN, STOPPED BY MIDTOWN  
COMICS TO LOOK AT MUPPET TOYS, STEPPED  
IN A PUDDLE AT 32ND AND 5TH, AND BOUGHT  
A COPY OF THE DAILY NEWS BUT WOUND  
UP GIVING IT TO ANOTHER  
HOMELESS MAN.

THERE. THAT "SHERLOCK  
HOLMES" RIFF SHOULD  
IMPRESS HER.









AH. RAHNE. IT HAS BEEN SEVERAL YEARS.

IT...IT HAS?

YOU HAVE GROWN INTO A FINE YOUNG WOMAN. ARE YOU ASSISTING IN THIS OFFICE?

I, UH...JUST, UH, PART-TIME, JUST TO HELP, Y'KNOW, SET UP...



RAHNE...THERE'S A BAR DOWNSTAIRS ACROSS THE STREET, CALLED THE POWER PLANT.

GUIDO SHOULD BE IN ABOUT THIS TIME. HE'D LOVE TO SEE YOU.

BUT... BUT WHAT ABOUT--?



I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN AFTER I'VE REABSORBED THIS DUPE.

JAMIE, THIS IS KINDA WEIRD! DON'T Y'SEE THAT?

PEACE BE WITH YOU.

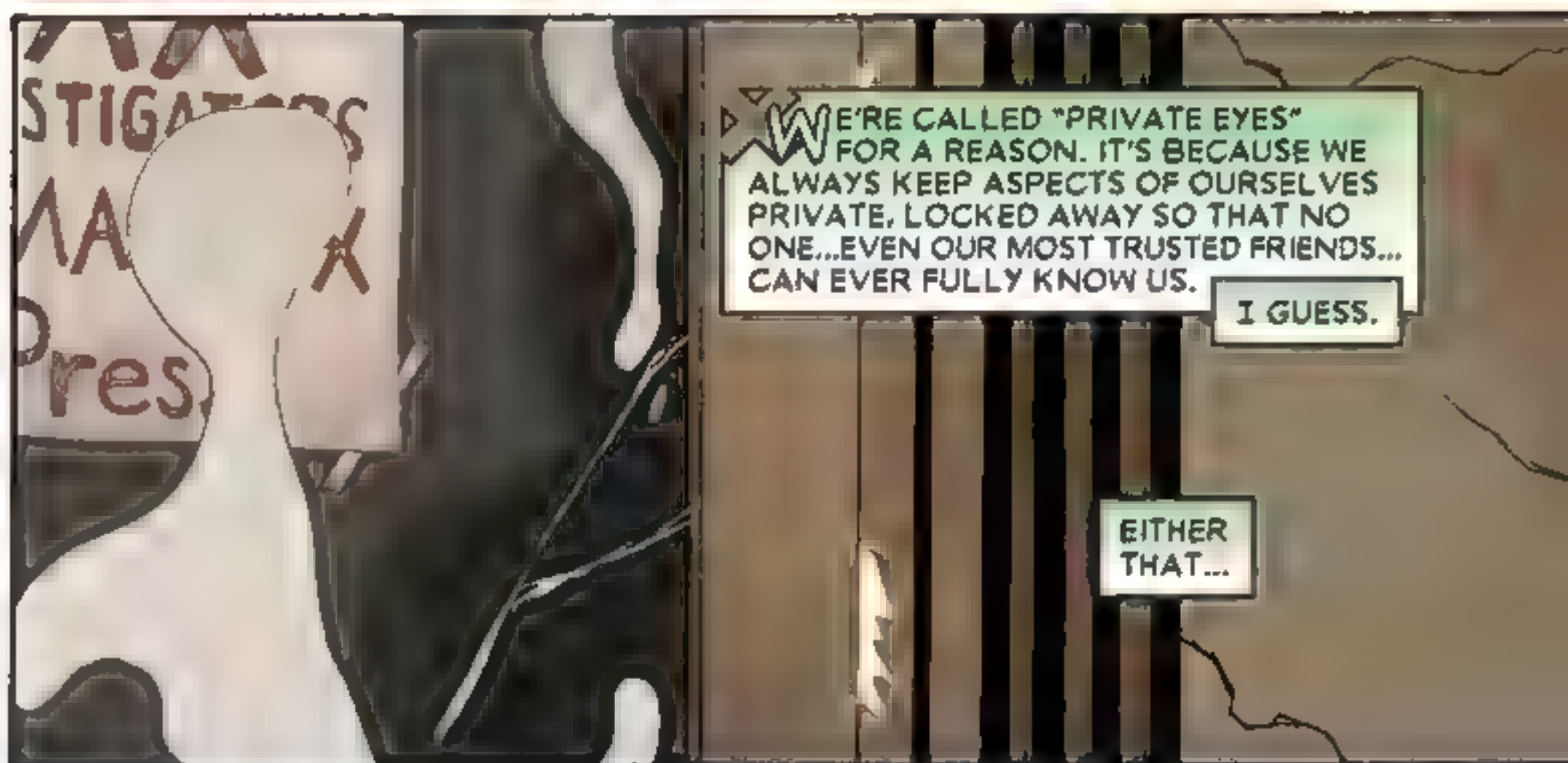


HUNK. LEMME THINK...

NOPE. NO, NOT SEEING THAT.

BUT...

NOT AT ALL.



WE'RE CALLED "PRIVATE EYES" FOR A REASON. IT'S BECAUSE WE ALWAYS KEEP ASPECTS OF OURSELVES PRIVATE, LOCKED AWAY SO THAT NO ONE...EVEN OUR MOST TRUSTED FRIENDS... CAN EVER FULLY KNOW US.

I GUESS.

EITHER THAT...



...OR NO ONE WANTS TO BE  
SEEN IN PUBLIC WITH US.  
YEAH, THAT'S PROBABLY IT.



YO!  
JAILBAIT!



ME?

YEAH, YOU.  
LIKE THE LIQUOR  
AUTHORITY DON'T  
HASSLE ME ENOUGH  
FOR BEING A  
MUTANT BAR.

NOW I  
GOTTA WORRY  
ABOUT UNDERAGE  
BOOZE  
HOUNDS?

EASE UP,  
LEFTY. I'LL  
VOUCH FOR  
HER.

WHA--?

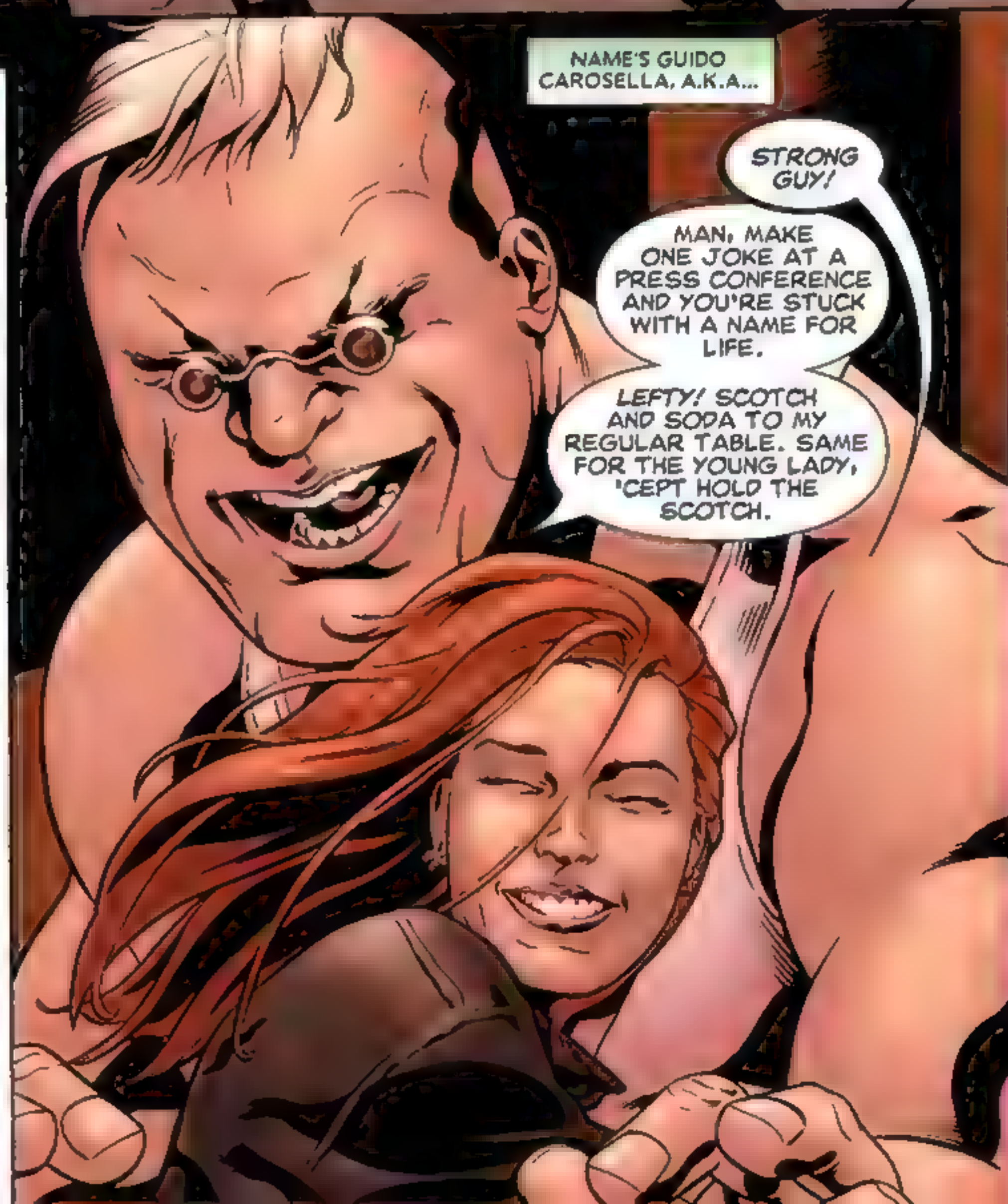
EVERY DECENT GUMSHOE HAS  
SAVVY MUSCLE BACKING HIM UP.  
SPENSER HAS HAWK. ME, I GOT A  
SUPER-POWERED FORMER BODY-  
GUARD TURNED FED TURNED BACK  
TO BODYGUARD AND NOW,  
MOSTLY, MUSCLE FOR HIRE...

NAME'S GUIDO  
CAROSELLA, A.K.A...

STRONG  
GUY!

MAN, MAKE  
ONE JOKE AT A  
PRESS CONFERENCE  
AND YOU'RE STUCK  
WITH A NAME FOR  
LIFE.

LEFTY! SCOTCH  
AND SODA TO MY  
REGULAR TABLE. SAME  
FOR THE YOUNG LADY,  
'CEPT HOLD THE  
SCOTCH.



SO...HOW ARE THINGS  
GOING WITH LILA? HEARD  
YOU AND SHE WERE AN  
ITEM--

EH, I DON'T  
LIKE T'TALK  
ABOUT IT.

REALLY?  
BECAUSE THE  
WORD WAS THE  
TWO O' YOU  
WERE--



I DON'T  
LIKE. T'TALK  
ABOUT IT.  
OKAY?

O...  
OKAY. CAN WE  
TALK ABOUT  
JAMIE?

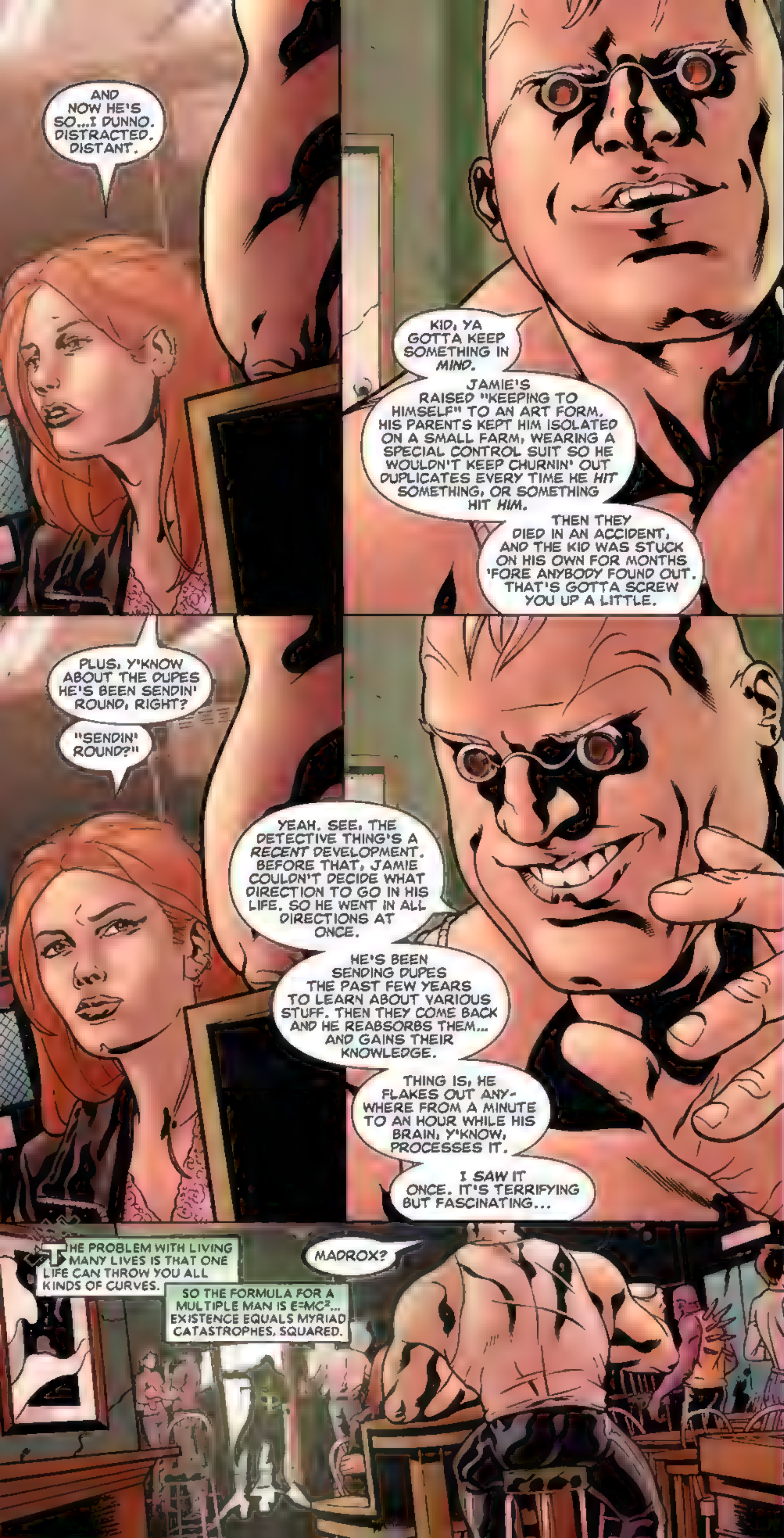
SEE, THAT'S  
MY POINT. FIRST  
HE QUIT HIS JOB  
AT X-CORP IN  
PARIS.

I MEAN...  
PARIS. WHO'D  
WANT T' LEAVE  
PARIS?

OH YEAH.  
SURE. HIM I'LL  
TALK ABOUT. I  
AM HIS BEST  
FRIEND IN THE  
WORLD, Y'KNOW.  
WELL... 'SIDES  
HIMSELF.

NOWADAYS?  
WHO  
WOULDN'T?





AND NOW HE'S SO...I DUNNO. DISTRACTED. DISTANT.

KID, YA GOTTA KEEP SOMETHING IN MIND.

JAMIE'S RAISED "KEEPING TO HIMSELF" TO AN ART FORM. HIS PARENTS KEPT HIM ISOLATED ON A SMALL FARM, WEARING A SPECIAL CONTROL SUIT SO HE WOULDN'T KEEP CHURNIN' OUT DUPLICATES EVERY TIME HE HIT SOMETHING, OR SOMETHING HIT HIM.

THEN THEY DIED IN AN ACCIDENT, AND THE KID WAS STUCK ON HIS OWN FOR MONTHS 'FORE ANYBODY FOUND OUT. THAT'S GOTTA SCREW YOU UP A LITTLE.

PLUS, Y'KNOW ABOUT THE DUPES HE'S BEEN SENDIN' ROUND, RIGHT?

"SENDIN' ROUND?"

YEAH. SEE, THE DETECTIVE THING'S A RECENT DEVELOPMENT. BEFORE THAT, JAMIE COULDN'T DECIDE WHAT DIRECTION TO GO IN HIS LIFE, SO HE WENT IN ALL DIRECTIONS AT ONCE.

HE'S BEEN SENDING DUPES THE PAST FEW YEARS TO LEARN ABOUT VARIOUS STUFF. THEN THEY COME BACK AND HE REABSORBS THEM... AND GAINS THEIR KNOWLEDGE.

THING IS, HE FLAKES OUT ANYWHERE FROM A MINUTE TO AN HOUR WHILE HIS BRAIN, Y'KNOW, PROCESSES IT.

I SAW IT ONCE. IT'S TERRIFYING BUT FASCINATING...

MADROX?

THE PROBLEM WITH LIVING MANY LIVES IS THAT ONE LIFE CAN THROW YOU ALL KINDS OF CURVES.

SO THE FORMULA FOR A MULTIPLE MAN IS  $E=MC^2$ ... EXISTENCE EQUALS MYRIAD CATASTROPHES, SQUARED.



COULDN'T MAKE IT... UPSTAIRS... TO OFFICE...



JAMIE? WHAT'S WR--?

BLOOD. I SMELL BLOOD ON HIM.

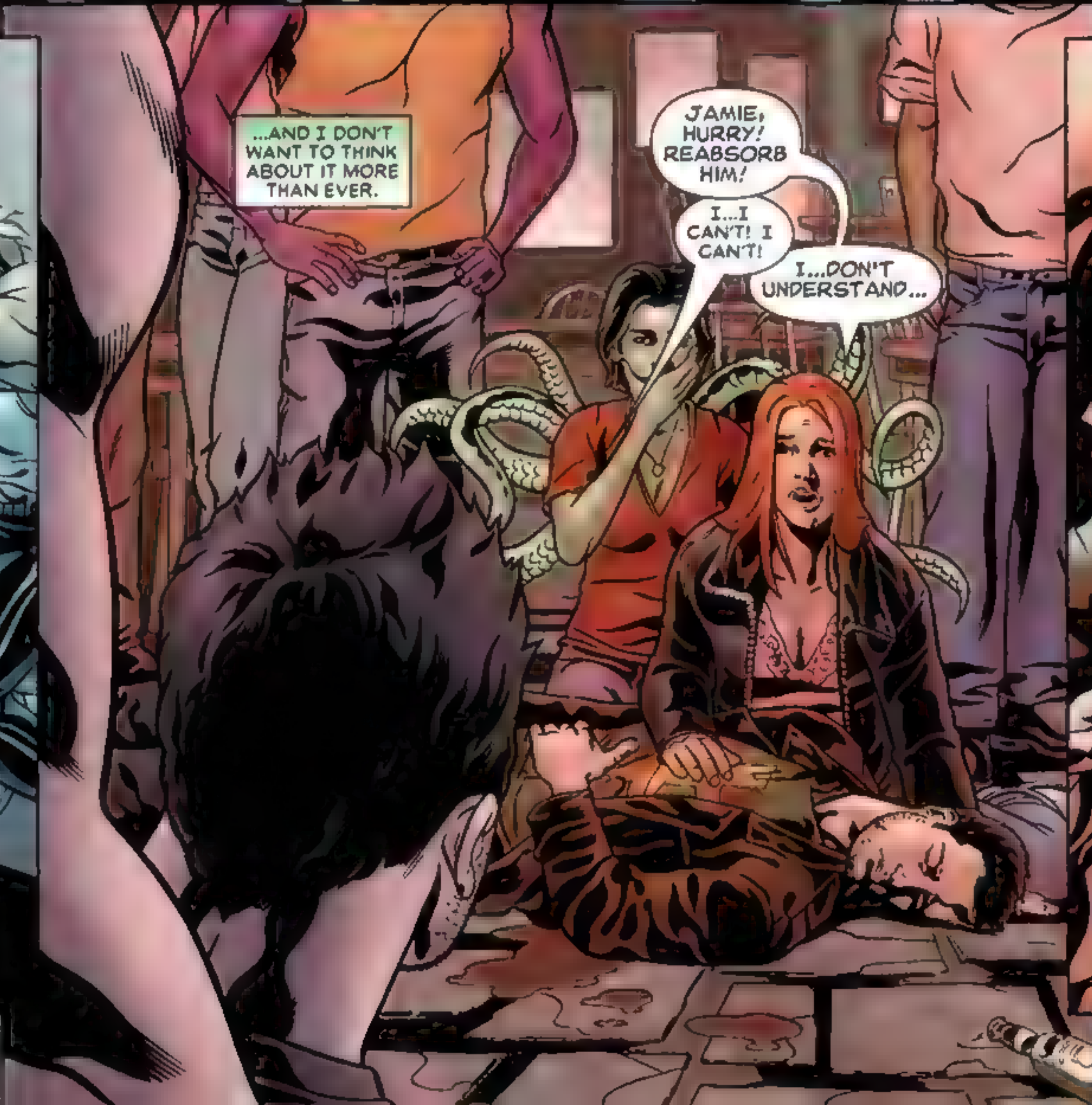
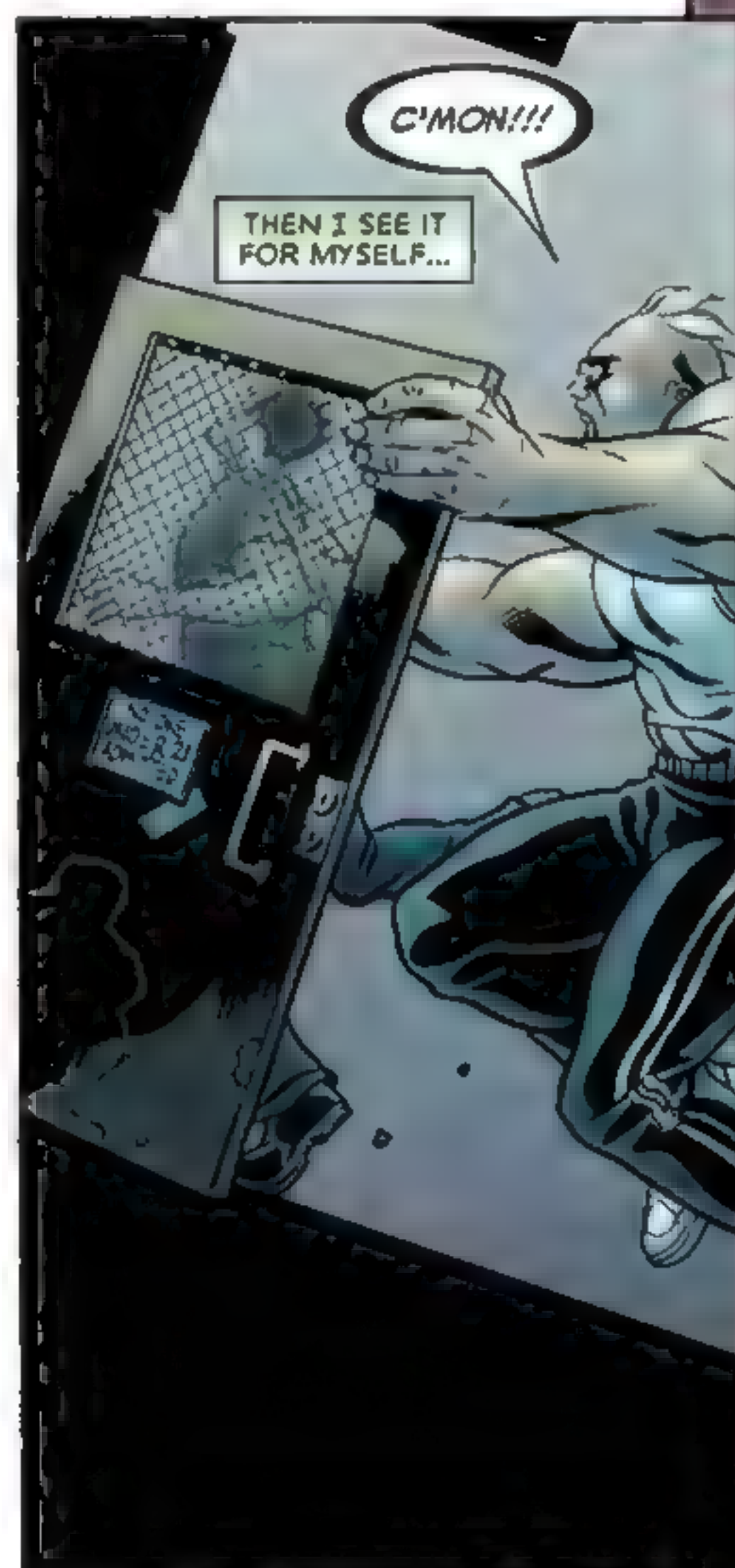
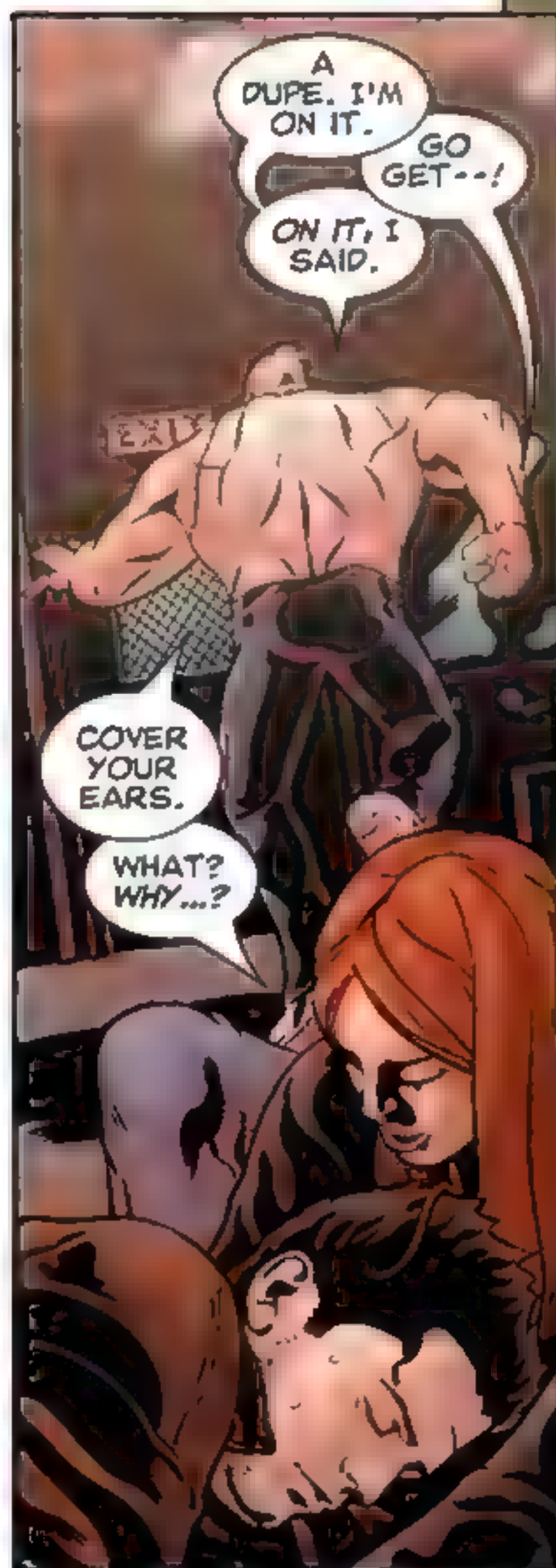
A LOT! HIS OWN BLOOD.



GUIDO!!

LORD, GUIDO! THERE'S...THERE'S BLOOD EVERYWHERE! AH...AH I THINK HE'S BEEN STABBED!









HOW DO I EXPLAIN THAT IT'S  
HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE! A  
DUPE, RIGHT ON THE EDGE...AND I  
TAKE HIM... IT'S LIKE DYING MYSELF.  
LIKE...LIKE MY SOUL'S  
BEING TORN IN HALF.

I DON'T ABSORB THE WOUND...  
BUT THE TRAUMA OF WHAT HE  
FEELS... FELT... IT'S... I JUST CAN'T.



HE'S BEEN  
STABBED, JAMIE! A  
KILLER'S OUT THERE!  
IF Y'DON'T STOP  
HIM...



IF I DO  
STOP HIM, SO  
WHAT?!

ANOTHER'LL  
TAKE HIS PLACE!  
THERE'S ALWAYS MORE  
KILLERS, RAHNE. THAT'S  
WHAT HUMANS DO!  
PRODUCE KILLERS IN  
ENDLESS SUPPLY.

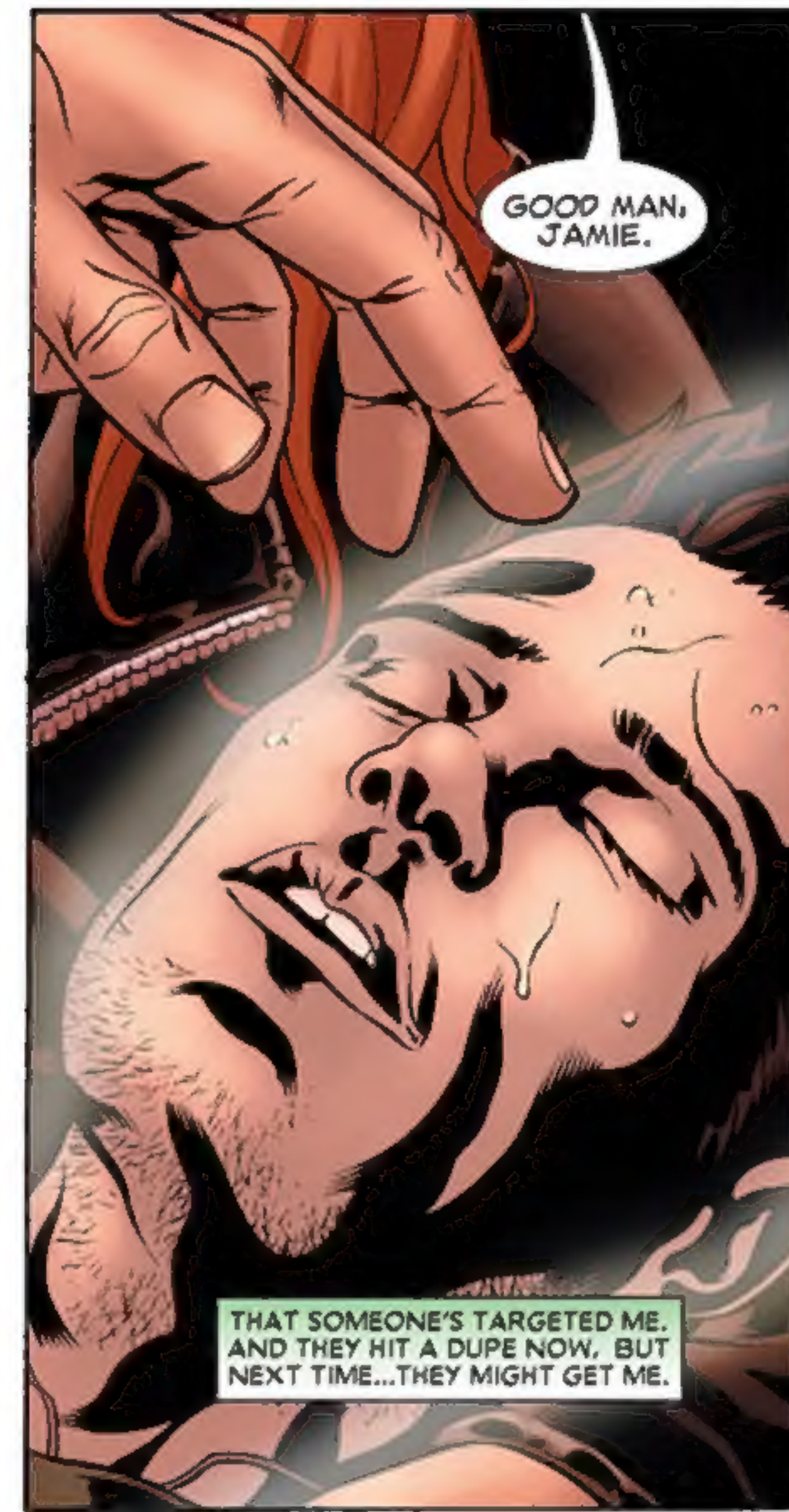


FINE. Y'CAN  
EXPLAIN THAT TO  
THE FAMILIES OF HIS  
FUTURE VICTIMS.



I HATE THAT SHE'S RIGHT.  
AND I HATE THAT THERE'S  
ANOTHER LIKELIHOOD SHE  
HASN'T EVEN CONSIDERED...

THAT THIS WASN'T A  
RANDOM ASSAULT.



GOOD MAN,  
JAMIE.

THAT SOMEONE'S TARGETED ME.  
AND THEY HIT A DUPE NOW, BUT  
NEXT TIME...THEY MIGHT GET ME.

"GOOD MAN." ANOTHER  
CROCK. I'M JUST A SCARED  
MAN, HOPING TO HEAD OFF A...



AARRHH!

JAMIE?!?  
JAMIE!!!





I'M...ALONE.  
TRULY ALONE.

JUST ME...AND GOD...AND  
INNER PEACE. NO INFINITE  
NUMBER OF DUPES  
KNOCKING AROUND INSIDE  
ME, WAITING THEIR TURN.  
JUST A MAN...

...AND HIS DOG.  
OKAY. A DOG.  
DOGS ARE GOOD.

HE'S  
COMIN'  
AROUND.

AW,  
GREAT.

WERE YOU  
LICKING MY FACE  
JUST NOW?

AH...NO. JUST...IT  
WAS THIS  
WASHCLOTH...I...

RIGHT, FINE.  
WHATEVER.

FIGURES. BOGART HAS MARY  
ASTOR. RUSSELL CROWE HAS  
KIM BASINGER.

I HAVE LASSIE.



WELCOME BACK TO  
THE LAND OF THE  
LIVING.

HOW  
LONG WAS  
I OUT?

SEVENTEEN  
YEARS. THE U.S.  
WAS BOUGHT BY THE  
SWISS. THE NATIONAL BIRD  
IS NOW THE CUCKOO, BUT  
THE CHOCOLATE'S BETTER.



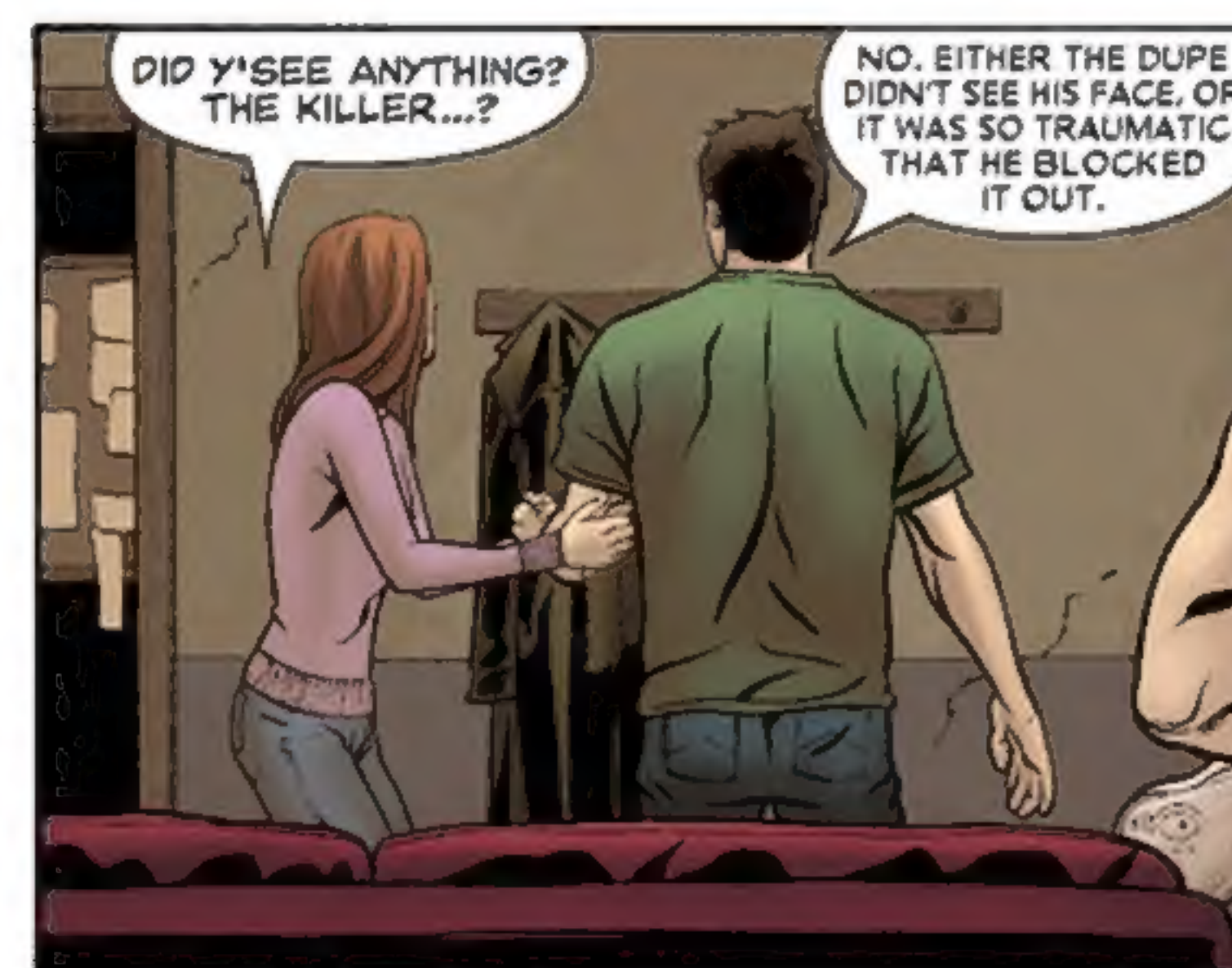
HOW  
LONG WAS I  
OUT?

TWENTY  
MINUTES.

OKAY.

BUT IT FELT  
LIKE SEVENTEEN  
YEARS.

EVEN  
BETTER.



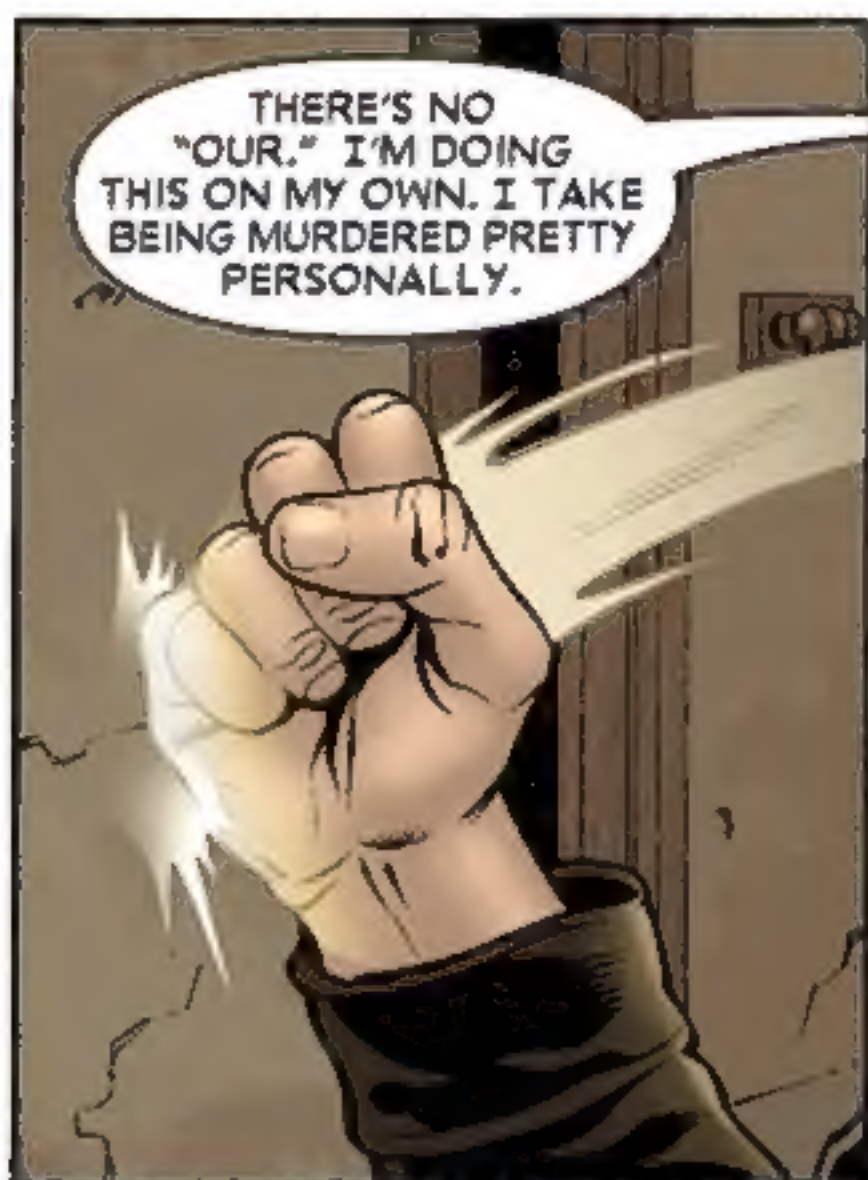
DID Y'SEE ANYTHING?  
THE KILLER...?

NO. EITHER THE DUPE  
DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE, OR  
IT WAS SO TRAUMATIC  
THAT HE BLOCKED  
IT OUT.



SO WAS  
IT A RANDOM  
KILLING?









ERGOZOOM

LOST  
WITHOUT  
TRACE

ARCHANGEL

G85

EMPIRE

DANGERPOWERS

NEVRRWHERE

CYPHER

ZONE

NEXT

THE GROUP

MEGAN

FAWKES

KINGPIN - EMPIRE

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